#### THE BLUE TRIANGLE ON BABEL'S TOWER

Lucia pulled her shawl farther neross her face and shrank down on the station platform bench as the solid blue figure suddenly bent down over her. Excitedly she shook her head in answer to the question that she could not understand. She searched through her red plaid waist for the paper that Tony had folded into a little square and given to her. The writing on it. in the English that Tony knew and she dld not, told the house where she lived. morning. He had told if to her again at the station. Then, waving his hat he had disappeared into the train wt.a the rest of the men, and Lucia had been left standing oneside the gate, There were crowds of women pushing all about her. They were weeping. So Lucia wept, too.

Lucia bad been betrothed to Tony In the old country. Five years before, with a long ticket for New York sinned into his inside pocket, her lover and left her. He wrote in every letter that he had made her a home in the new country. Her dowry money had finally provided her own transportation, and for two months Tony and she had been married. Then he had drawn a ticket with a number on it. and this morning he had gone off to

liceman only talked back to her as rapidly in a language that was not Italian. She followed him dumbly to headquarters. An hour later a woman wearing American clothes gently began talking to her in beautiful Ital-

Italian Lucia was only one of thousands of foreign-born women, Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Russians, Lithuanians, Polish, whe, when the draft called their men folk to the American colors, asked in helpless confusion what it was all about. When would their men be back? What did people mean when they told them they would receive money through the mail? Where could they find work that they knew how to do? Was there no one who could explain it all to them in

their own language? The Y. W. C. A. was ready to offer assistance, but it would be of no value to offer it in English. Consequently it had to supply a corps of women who could talk to the foreign-born woman at her own door in the language that she was used to hearing in the homeland. To teach her English was as tion as to find her a Job. Therefore the war council of the Y. W. C. A. set out to find her English.

rope, the leaders of the Young Woman's Christian association foresaw just such a situation, and made ready to meet it. They studied the needs of They trained skilled American social workers to become familiar with the home habits and to speak the language of the Lett and the Hungarian and the Greek and the other foreign mothers who brought bables and bundles over from Ellis Island to Battery park.

The organization into which this experiment has developed was named by the Y. W. C. A. national board, "The International Institute for Young .Women." In terms which these women can understand, it is teaching the foreign-born how to sew and cook and care for the baby.

To girls like Italian Lucia, who conon the draft trains nulled out. sistance. Educated European women, appointed to the regular staff of workors at the camp Y. W. C. A. Hostes Houses are able to talk to the drafted men in their own language, assist them In writing letters home, and in arranging furloughs and little visits to the camp.

The Home Information Service for Foreign Families of Enlisted Men" is doing practical relief work for the wives and mothers. The purpose of the board is to help the women folk left behind to understand where their boys are and how they are being treated; how they need home support and cheer, how to send them comforts, and to keep pace ther selves by learning English and other things, so that when the boys come home they will not find their women still very un-American and out of sympathy with them.

Pood conservation bulletins have been translated into 18 or 19 languages. At the factories and munition plants interpreters are available for the non-English speaking women by whom the real war industries of the country are being largely carried on. In 25 important cities International Institute Bureaus are training American and foreign women for full time social service work with foreigners. Twentyfour trained women are employed on the national and district field staff of the Y. W. C. A. On June 15 there were 105 trained women working at Ameri-

canization. When more than 75,000 Chicago men filled out their blue cards for the September 12 draft, Gang Luo Wong appeared at one precinct bringing with him Mrs. Gang Wong and the three children. All five wished to register. The enrolling clerk explained, but the Gang Luo Wongs, make many broken Chinese remonstrances before the master of the family was induced to sign a card without his wife. - Mrs. Wong could not speak English. What would his family do in a stronge country if Gang Luo went to war? All over the United States Chinese and Poles and Serbs were asking the same question. It is to just such needs that the War officially requested that the American Council of the Y. M. C. A. is organ- Y. W. C. A. undertake similar work in ized to give ussistance.

## A WALLED CITY OF WOMEN

A little sunny village has grown up inside a high wall in France within the hast year. Its square flat houses stand in straight even rows and along one side of the city wall is a long dormitory for single women. There are many more of them than of the families in the drab little houses. The vilinge is full of women-old, young, middle used-whose faces, hands and bair slowly are turning yellow from the powder which it is said will eventually Tony had explained it all to her that affect their lungs. But most of them are refugees and the fact that they are giving up their good looks their health, and perhaps their lives in the munition factory, is of little moment to them. They have come into the walled town from ruined villages and devastrited forms with their frightened little children, their despairing old people, carrying all their earthly possessions in tiny bundles. In their individual lives there is no future; in all their world there is no interest but the conquest of the Hun.

No one comes into this little war community that centers around the big new munitions plant but those who work. Because of the danger and the blighting yellow powder, the work is highly paid and all the workers are volunteers.

The women wear overalls or apron To the policeman Lucia told all these dresses, some of black sateen, some things in rapid Italian. But the ponondescript, The dult garb harmonizes with the yellowing faces and despair-

into this modern walled city of de spair the Blue Triangle has flashed the first message of hope. The Y. W. C. A. fayer is the only recreational center within reach. The cars which find cufes at the end of the line a mile at ay, stop running at seven o'clock to fuel. The city is three miles

from the factory. "My problem," writes the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge, "is to keep the women occupied in the evenings, to give them good healthy amusement so that they will forget their sorrows and go to bed and sleep, physically tired out from playing."

She goes on to tell of some of the women and girls who come to the

"There is a pretty little round, rosy cheeked girl here who is just beginning to show the effects of the powder. The roots of her hair and her forehead are a pale yellow. The paims of her hands are a deep hurnt orange and her hands and arms a bright yellow.

"There is an ex-professional dancer, essential a factor in her Americaniza- an interesting girl who enjoys the foyer and helps entermin the other girls. There is a professional pinnist who does her bit at the noon and eve-A year before the war began in Eu- ning hours. There is one rough-andready girl who speaks English, whose father was an innkeeper in northern France. There is a pretty little girl who is engaged to a French soldier the still is rejoicing over the five mintes she had with him recently during an air faid. His mother is the careotter here and he is one of six sons in the war. Two of them are German military prisoners, two are civil prisoners in Germany and two are soldiers in the trenches. Her home in the north of France was destroyed and she escaped with a small bundle of such things as she could carry in her hands.

"There is a sweet-faced girl who was a lacemaker in Valenciennes, who came direct to us from the Germanridden section after a hard experience

in getting away." These are the women the Blue Trifusedly lingered on the station plat- angle is helping to forget-perhaps the W. Y. C. A. is giving direct as yors that have blackened their hearthstones and darkened the world.

"My foyer," the secretary writes "consists of a hall and two | "ge rooms with cement floors. One has a writing table and paper, pens and ink, sewing machines, a cupboard with teacups in it, a large table with papers and magazines, easy chairs and my desk. The other room has a piano, more tables, chairs, ironing boards and a Victroin. There are unframed French pictures and American and French war posters around the room. The walls are paint-

ed gray and whit-Saturday evenings they sing and dance. "First they have a chorus." writes the secretary, "such as 'Le Reve Passe' or the 'llymne des Aviateurs' or something equally thrilling, and at the final notes of triumph a voice at my ears begs, 'Un polka, mees,' The polka finished, there is a call for the Hymne Americain' and we sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' (Le Drapeau Etolle)

in two languages." These foyers have been established in several munition centers in France. Each one has a cafeteria, a recreation hall and rooms fitted up as rest rooms, writing and sewing rooms. At night these rooms are filled with French girls learning English, bookkeeping or stenography, that they may work in the offices of the American Expeditionary Forces. In connection with each is a large recreation field or

park. At the request of the French ministry of war the Young Women's Christian association has opened clubrecens for the sixteen thousand French women employed in the offices of the

war department. So successful has been the foyer the bolshevists." work in France that a call has come from England to the American Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was forced to C. A. to bring its Blue Triangle buts leave Petrograd on account of the Gerand foyers across the channel. The English Y. W. C. A. has established like living on the screen of a melocenters for numitions workers on a smaller scale, but after inspection of the American work in France the four sounds here as the clang of the street English representatives to the Allies' Women's congress in Paris in August,

#### THE BLUE TRIANGLE AT RUSSIA'S FRONT

The Blue Triangle clubrooms in Petrograd were in half shadow. few scattered candles flung gleams as persistent and as vague as Russia's hope of liberty. A hundred Russian girls and six young men were guests of the first Young Women's Christian association in all Russia. It was a gain afternoon tea but it was dark because the winter days end at three o'clock and there is a restriction on the use of candles and kerosene as well as of electricity.

The girls were making merry even in the gloom of winter, the twilight and the tragedy of war. One stender white-faced girl with purple-shadowed eyes was merrier than all the rest. Her wit and ringing laugh were con-

"Sonya is wonderful touight," one girl whispered to another as she stirred gently into her tea the one lump of sugar doled out carefully for the party. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries had been saving the sugar for months-putting aside at each meal one of the two lumps served with the coffee in the resigurant, that there might be a bit of sweet for this first party. There was no bread.

"Sonya is not drinking her tea," her pale little admirer went on, "yet she fainted this morning at the factory and the forewoman said she was

"We're all hungry," was the notonous reply. "It wasn't that," Something stopped the laughter and talk suddenly but the bush that fell in the dimly lit room was as joyous as the galety. One of Russia's greatest singers stood by the piano and lifted up her glorious voice filled with the tears and hearfbreak that people at peace call thrills,

They went away early when the music was done-these sad-eyed, halfstarved little guests of the Blue Triangle-for danger lurks in the dark of Petrograd streets, robberies and murders-sharp little by-products of a nation's chaos and a world at war.

Sonya lingered after the others were gone. She was standing close by the secretary-hostess' chair when she turned from saying good-night to the last one of the other girls. The laughter had died out of the girl's eyes and the galety from her voice.

"Will you give me a note to the factory superintendent," she asked, "telling him I'm attending classes here at night?" She spoke in French, for she knew no English, and the sec retary, no Russian.

"Yes, if it will help you." The secretary was glad to give her such a note but she was curious. "Tell me why.

"If he knows the girls are going to night classes he won't put us on the night shift. He will let us work days so we can come. Yesterday I asked for the night shift. Today I have changed my mind."

The secretary wondered, Sonya had not been in any of the classes, Had the bright little party given her an interest in the work of the association? Had the friendliness of the American secretaries reached her? Was it the music that had given her an impetus to study toward something beyond a factory?

secretary asked her. "You are not in any of the classes now, are you? What is it you want to take un?"

"This morning I looked out the factory window," and Sonya's voice relands a new light shone in his eyes, minded the secretary of the call of a and Shirley could not know that it night bird before a the courtyard was a crowd and three men were killed. Killed by the police-the bolshevik police, while I stood there and watched. They said they were anarchists. One was my brother. Another was my sweetheart, I came here tonight to forget. But I cannot forget. Always I will remember. I want nothing now but to carry on their work, and to do that I must study and learn-I must learn English and many other things. I want to go in all the classes. If the foreman at the factory knows I do that, he will

help. He will let me work days." In the dark, the hunger, the cold. and the terror of Petrograd, the Blue Triangle is sending out its shining invitation to the bewildered women and young girls of Russia. It is offering n little oasis in the midst of the chaos where they may come and rest and relax, play games, listen to music, study English, French. stenography, bookkeeping, or music, and as one tired girl expressed it, forget for the moment that they are in Petrograd. Most of the girls who gather at the sign of the Blue Triangle are bookkeepers and stenographers, but scattered among them are factory girls, domestics, and girls who never

have worked. "In Petrograd and elsewhere in Russia," says Miss Clarissa Spencer. world secretary of the Y. W. C. A. who started the work in Russia, "girls formerly employed in government offices come to us who have struck against the bolshevists. They're out of jobs. They're hungry. One girl told me she couldn't take gymnasium work. It gave her such an appetite. But they refuse to return to work for

Miss Helen Ogden, one of the Y. W. man advance, writes home that: "It's drams to be in Russia. Bullets and shooting are almost as familiar street car and the honk of the automobile at home. Here we learn to live and work under frequent shooting and street battles and to flee only when we are told by the authorities that we must."

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE RIVALS

By AGNES G. L. TOGAN. 

Union.) It seemed to David that he had always loved Shirley Dure, And Shirley, realizing that evident fact from the time of her schooldays, had been an imperious and capricious sweet-

Not that the girl deceived David by pretending affection returned. She had merely accepted his devetion as one bestowing favor.

The country town had been unusually quiet that summer. David's presence on the shadowy porch was welcomed, as loneliness welcomes companioaship. Most of Fairlands' young men had gone to war, while young of Shirley's acquaintunce sought diversion in vacations else where.

"If you would not be so agreeable and kind," she told him complexly, "I believe I might care for you-really." David smiled; to be either disagreeable or unkind to Shirley would be an impossibility. So he decided to sacrifice a few of these idyllic days in absenting himself from her presence, in the hope that "absence might make Shirley's heart fonder."

When separation became unbearable, and he began the homeward trip, it was in a strange spirit of apprehension. Anxiously his eyes gazed ahead to the little porch; then he under-

Shirley was there in her white frock. and beside her a tall young man. "Where had the fellow come from?" David savagely wondered, as he walked up the path, and all at once his newly bought suit seemed common and his own bulk clumsy in comparison with the stranger's faultiessly clad

"Why, how do you do?" said Shir-There was new formality in the

extension of her hand. "Very well," answered David, and toused into silence. Shirley introduced the men.

"Mr. Webster is an attorney here businees," she smilingly explained. "He has been Ending Fairlands dull; must by in remove that impres-

Shirley had been doing her pretthest. Day I mentally decided, to remove the impression. She and the joy citorney appeared to be on the friendliest terms.

As weeks slipped by and the three were much together, hope and fear struggled perplexedly in David's heart, There were moments-breathless moments-when Shirley's eyes seemed to seek his with a new tender question. Again, she would turn, vaguely troubled, to that other manly, admiring She was weighing herself, David knew, trying to find the answer to the problem of her heart. He deded to go buck to the city, to scarch the record of this stranger, who had come with triumphant self-confidence among them. And the man proved to be all that he had represented, and more. For John Webster had laid no claim to the wealth that was his, or to the enviable name of his family. So there in the city David fought a great fight, and the unselfish love of "What is it that interests you?" the his lifetime triumphed. If Shirley were even now hesitating between the two men in her heart, he, David would go away forever.

When he returned again to Fairthe light of renunciation. Webster's ready smile had disappeared-the atmosphere of the little porch that evening seemed fraught with a vital element.

Quietly the three sat talking until the hour grew late. Then very wearily David arose. There were new lines about his mouth, and his face was white.

"Good-night," he said slowly, "and it may be good-by. I have been examined in the city and they find me in A 1 condition to fight, so-I have enlisted for the war. We leave for camp in a few days-then over the water."

His two listeners were silent-David laughed softly. "Nothing heroic about it, you understand," he added; "bound to be called later, just anticipated the thing."

"Oh! David," Shirley murmured, "I can't think of you going off like that." She put her hand to her throat distressed, then quickly turned as though seeking comfort from the other man John Webster drew a deep breath, then put forth a steady hand,

"Good-night, little Shirley Dare," he said. "With me, also, it may mean good-by. A business trip carries me to California tomorrow. My stay there will undoubtedly be prolonged. thank you for the kindness of your hospitality."

As he paused, the girl stood looking up at him, hurt incredulity on her features

"Good-by," John Webster repeated. Down the broad road the rivals walked together. "You love her," Da-vid burst out; "why-then, do you go away?

The lawyer turned and smiled into David's wan face. "There is," he remarked, "a law of compensation. Can you tell me why you should give up all that you have, for my sake? You may fight in my place, because a few years bar me from service. But the woman you love-she shall be free to dream dreams of her hero. When you return, she will be here engerly wait-

David caught John Webster's hand in a mighty grasp, then wheeling about he made his way back down the road.

## **HEAD AND NOSTRILS** STUFFED FROM COLD

Cold Compound" ends a cold or grippe in a few hours.

Your cold will break and all grip misery and after taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound" every two haure until three doses are takens. It promptly opens clogged-up non-trils and air passages, in the head stops nasty discharge or nose run-ning, relieves sick hadache, duliness

feverishness, sore throat, sneezing screness and stiffness. Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blow ing and snuffling! Ease your throb-bing head-nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief at "Pape" Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug acts without assistance, tastes nice cept no substitute.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Martin County Chapter of A. R. C. suffered the loss of its first member in the death of Ewart Wil-Hamson.

Ewart's death was due to an accident that occurred at Sprigg W. Va. where he was employed. He was a bright, generous, lovable

young man and would have reached his majority had he lived until May 1919.
Ewart was the eldest son of Mr. Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

and Mrs. J. A. Williamson, of Sted-ham, Ky,, and is mourned by his pa-rents, brothers, sisters and many

friends.
We, the officers and members of the Red Cross of Martin county Chapter do hereby extend to the be-rayd family our loving and heart-felt sympathy, and we do commend them to the great heart of our Heavenly Father who loves and cares for all.

W. M. HALE, Chairman,

## A WOMAN'S BACK

The Advice of This Louisa Woman is of Certain Value.

Many a woman's back has many aches and pains.

Oftimes 'tis the kidney's fault. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills are

so effective. Many Louisa women know this. Read what one has to say about it:

Mrs. Nan Boggs, Lock Ave., says:
'A few years ago I was suffering with kidney weakness and my back was and lame. I had a dull, constant weak and lame. I had a dult, constant ache through the small of my back and was dizzy. I had nervous spells, too, and was generally weak. A few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, were enough to cure the complaint and they helped me in every way.

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Donn's Kidney Pills—the same that Foster-Milburn Co.,

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When your meals hit back.

When what you eat turns sour, forming acids, gases and indiges-

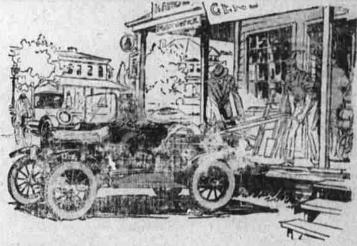
Magic relief. No waiting!

The moment Pape's Diapepsin reaches the stomach all the sourness, acidity, heartburn, dyspepsia and indigestion ends.

Upset stomachs feel fine.

Costs so little-Any drug store.

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU PEET



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The average motor car is paying its way now more than ever before.

It is helping to make up man-power shortage by saving time,

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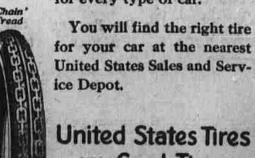
-by relieving freight and passenger congestion.

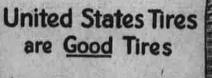
Make your car as useful as possible.

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